



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

That rallying force, combined anew,
 Appear'd, in her distracted view,
 To hem the Islesmen round;
 And, "O! the combat they renew,
 And is no rescue found!
 And ye that look thus tamely on,
 And see your native land o'erthrown,
 Say, are your hearts of flesh or stone?"

The multitude, that watch'd afar,
 Rejected from the ranks of war,
 And not unmov'd beheld the fight,
 Where strove the Bruce for Scotland's right;
 Each heart had caught the patriot spark,
 Old man and stripling, priest and clerk,
 Bondsman and serf; even female hand
 Stretch'd to the hatchet or the brand;
 But when mute Amadine they heard
 Give to their zeal the signal word,
 A phrenzy fired the throng:
 "Portents and miracles impeach
 Our sloth—the dumb our duties teach—
 And he, that gives the mute his speech,
 Can bid the weak be strong.

"To us, as to our lords, are giv'n,
 A native earth, a promised heav'n;
 To us, as to our lords, belongs
 The righting of our nation's wrongs;
 The choice 'twixt death or freedom warms
 Our breasts as theirs. To arms! to arms!"
 To arms they flew—axe, club, or spear—
 And mimic ensigns high they rear,
 And like a banner'd host afar,
 Bear down on England's wearied war."

TO NO ONE BUT MYSELF.

*Written by a Deaf and Dumb Lad in America. Copied
 from the last Report of the Deaf and Dumb Institution.*

Come, the day is fair,
 The bees are humming in the air—
 The sun is laving in the lake—
 The fishes sporting near the brake—
 So come and drink the balmy breeze,
 By soft gales wafted from the trees.

The lake is like an angel's path,
 And spotted like a flowery heath,
 With islands lovely as itself;
 No rock, or mountain-crag, or delf,
 But smiles upon the glassy wave,
 Or lies contented in its grave.

So come—O! come and let us go,
 The day is still—the wind is low;
 There's nothing to disturb the brake—
 The drowsy woods—or sleeping lake;
 The spell of nature's loveliness
 Hath power to wrap the soul in bliss.

The boat is waiting on the shore,
 And ready hangs the lightsome oar;
 'Twill glitter as we move alone,
 And that alone shall be our song,
 Save when some wild bird's mood subdued,
 Gives echo to the solitude.

LINES.

*Written by a Deaf and Dumb Boy on the 18th of June, 1835.
 Communicated to us by a Friend.*

Revolving time has brought the day,
 That beams with glory's ray
 In history's page, or poet's lay—
 The day of Waterloo.

Each British heart with ardour burns
 When this resplendent day returns;
 But humbled France in secret mourns
 The day of Waterloo.

Then raise the brimful goblet high,
 While rapture beams in every eye,
 And shouts of triumph raise the sky—
 The toast is Waterloo.

To all who can the honour claim—
 From Wellington's immortal name,
 To the humblest son of martial fame
 Who fought at Waterloo.

Fill, fill the wine-cup yet again,
 But altered be the joyous strain—
 The cup to those in silence drain
 Who fell at Waterloo.

Sigh soft, ye breezes, o'er the grave
 Where rest the relics of the brave;
 And sweetest flowrets o'er them wave
 Who sleep at Waterloo.

Cork.

DEGENERACY OF SEEDLING APPLE-TREES.

The Rev. J. Venables, of Buckland Cerne, Dorset, reasons that the degeneracy of trees raised from pips is owing to this cause, that the pip being put into the ground alone, is deprived of that nutriment which is laid up in the pulp of the apple, and consequently of that which determines its nature while young. The wise man has adverted to the efficacy of early training, in an aphorism or proverb, which is not confined to individuals of the human kind. The classic author of the *Georgics*, too, insists upon the advantage of imposing certain habits while the trees are in their earliest stages of growth. It seems very feasible, that the impoverished condition of trees raised in this manner, in reference to their peculiar qualities, may be owing to the meagre supply of appropriate nourishment in the very morning of their development. And this reasoning appears to have been justified by the experiments of Mr. Venables, who found that when the pips planted had been matured by decayed apples, the trees which grew from them yielded fruit of a very excellent quality. He recommends that the pips obtained for the purpose of sowing should be enclosed in an apple of the nearest kind, with its core scooped out to receive it. After all, this is the procedure instituted by nature herself, which does not sow a single pip by itself, but a whole apple, from which a clump of young trees emerge in due time, and flourish together till the most healthy, like an eastern monarch, destroys its brethren, and occupies their place. In the natural process two advantages are secured, the fittest nutriment for the young plants, and the survivorship of the most thriving among them.

THE VILLAGE OF FINGLAS.

About three miles from town, on the Ashbourne road is the far famed village of Finglas. There are few who have not heard of it, being equally celebrated for its "May sports"—its ass races, its pigs, with their tails shaved, and a host of other amusements—as for having been, from time to time, the theatre of some important scenes in Irish history. Indeed, there are few villages in Ireland can lay claim to much greater antiquity than the village of Finglas. It is supposed by many to have been a place of some notoriety even before Christianity was introduced into this country, from the May sports to which I have alluded, as these are known to be the remains of feasts instituted to celebrate the Spring, or, perhaps, in honour of Ceres, the goddess of grain and husbandry. One thing is certain, that those feasts are evidently of Pagan origin. The Romans and many other nations had games and feasts in honor of spring. In England they were very common till the time of Henry the Eighth, when some commotion arising at one of them, of which he was a spectator, he expressed his personal dislike to them, and also reprimanded the mayor of the town secretly. After this they gradually disappeared in England; but May day is still a kind of holiday in most villages throughout England and Ireland.

I think I am not in error by asserting that Finglas existed long before Christianity in this country, for in the first years of the Christian era, we find the author of it (Saint Patrick) residing in this town. He also founded an abbey here; and it should be a place of some note, and consequently of some age, to induce him to go to so much expense at that early period.